

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

Recalling the Bloody War of the Broken Egg

WASHINGTON.—The subject of eggs came up at luncheon time in the senate restaurant. The proposition of efficient economy was under discussion when Senator Carroll S. Page made the startling statement that in the discussion of tariff and currency, one important element of cost and loss had been overlooked. He referred to the report from the secretary of agriculture declared that in one year over 1,500,000 eggs were destroyed in transportation to New York city. This loss represented 9 per cent. of the total supply. With a twinkle in his eye, Senator Page suggested that some one might acquire fame and fortune by inventing a safe and sane egg-carrier that would avert the smashing of 10 per cent. of the eggs laid by the American hen. The farmer's boy of years ago can recall the time when eggs sold at from five to ten cents a dozen, and even under those conditions the smashing of an egg was a real calamity.

The omnipresent egg on the breakfast table recalls the story told by the late Senator Allison of a broken egg that led to an Indian war in Minnesota. In 1862, several Sioux Indians appeared in a farmer's dooryard and saw a nest of eggs with a hen sitting on it. As an industrious hen is wont to do, an Indian picked up one of the eggs, and his companions warned him not to break it as it belonged to a white man. Having a general contempt for all pale-faces, the brave could not resist smashing the egg. He proceeded to break the others in the nest, while another Sioux shot the hen, scared from her nest. A third Sioux, to show his heroism, sent a bullet through the farmer's cow, which brought the farmer to the door, rifle in hand; and a fourth Indian, to show his supreme bravery and his contempt for the white man, shot the farmer dead. This bloody outrage was completed by massacring the farmer's wife and children.

Thus from a bit of mischief started by a broken egg, there followed a revolt at the Indian reservation.

Chance Must Have Been a Little Too Caustic

REPRESENTATIVE ADAMSON wrote to M. O. Chance, chief clerk of the postoffice department, a little while ago in behalf of a clerk, A. E. Moody, a colored man from Georgia. He said to Mr. Chance that the clerk was a pretty good fellow, so "if he has done anything wrong, don't discharge him, but cuss him out a bit."

Well, in a few days along came a letter from Chance to Representative Adamson, saying that the cussing-out process must have been a little too caustic, for the clerk had resigned, leaving a letter informing Mr. Chance that a minister of the gospel had flown from their midst. This is the letter:

"Hon. Mr. Chance, Chief Clerk of the Postoffice Department.—Dear Sir: I do hereby send in my resignation to you. I truly hope that you will receive it. Please your honor sir: I am a gospel minister. I have been called a long time ago to preach the gospel by the God of heaven and earth. I cannot do it successfully and hold my job in the government service, and I will pray for the blessing of God to rest on the Postmaster General and his cabinet in the Post Office Department. But I may miss the envelope that is handed to me twice a month from the disbursing clerk, Mr. Mooney, but I rather missed that than to miss eternal life. Wee be unto me if I preach not the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every man that believe. I know that my white friends of Newnan, Ga., my home, will be surprised when they hear of this. Mr. Hon. William C. Adamson, the Congressman of said district and Mr. Hon. M. Bell of Georgia. By their influence I came in the services. They have stood by me because they have my record from Newnan, Ga., as a negro, but I must go and preach the gospel in fall. REV. BLANK."

After which Representative Adamson wrote "Brother" Chance: "I have your favor of the 4th instant, inclosing copy of a letter from Rev. Blank. I was not aware of the fact that he was a minister, nor do I know whether he has verified his call to the ministry or not. If he has correct advice in his credentials from on high you people in the postoffice department are in a bad fix."

Saddest Complaint One Ever Hears in Washington

WORKING for Uncle Sam, which at first is a vocation, oftentimes becomes a disease, and an incurable one. The saddest complaint one ever hears in Washington—sadder than the wall of the rejected office seeker—is that of the helpless and hopeless government clerk lamenting his unhappy lot. He realizes that he is "in bad," and yearns for one more chance to right himself. He is in the net and cannot escape. He would like to extricate himself, but that is impossible. Perhaps his head has whitened and his hands have palsied up the service, and his years of steady employment are unrewarded by a dollar saved. His fate is sealed. Gloomily he trods his weary way.

Perhaps he is a man yet capable of throwing off his government harness and hitching himself to something better outside the cramping, grinding world of clerical slavery under official tyranny, but he has a family and cannot afford to take a chance. He has certain fixed expenses, and his income must be uninterrupted. He has not saved a penny, because his salary, which looked quite sufficient when he was a single man, now is woefully inadequate under the added strain of the obligations of a family.

He could fill satisfactorily most any position requiring clerical ability and experience, but he cannot let go his government job to find something even equally as remunerative. He is afraid to take the chance.

Years ago he might have quit the service to his advantage, but he held on, hoping that some day he would be advanced to the head of a division or to a chief clerkship, but he has dreamed dreams that never came true. There never was a chance for him to advance higher than \$1,200 a year. There are hundreds of others struggling with him and against him, so he has done well to keep his head above the water. Besides, he is not in sympathy with the party in power, and if he was he has been trudging an obscure path so long that he is lost to helping congressional influence. He has been away from his state, his district, his home so long that he has lost his identity, and his congressman feels only a reminiscent interest in him. So into the sear and yellow leaf of routine service he is doomed to pass, a grouchy, disappointed and oftentimes a remorseful old man, who might have plowed a wider and deeper furrow if he had stayed off the government reservation.—National Magazine.

As Everybody Knows, "Findings Is Keepings"

A PIERCE winter's wind went tangling down the avenue the other day, with a derby hat dancing along. But it wasn't a "hesitation" dance. It romped and danced and rolled onward for three whirlwindy squares, until the man who had been springing after it gave up the chase.

And as he gasped and wheezed—red and wind-blown—this is what a batch of fellow men heard him yell—every last man of them chuckling at the poor chap—who is the way of man, except when he's chasing a hat of his own:

"You can keep it up to Jericho, if you want to. I'm done—your unholy roller, you." He shook himself with the disgusted emphasis which dear Darwin could have told him he had inherited from some prehistoric web hen, and then turned and plodded back to where he had come from.

The hat, however, had no notion of taking a trip to Jericho. It stopped the instant its owner turned, and slid into a sheltered curb ledge, where it lay until another man came along and picked it up.

He was undoubtedly an honest man, for he looked about for a claimant, but the owner was already merged in the crowd, and, as everybody knows, findings is keepings.

The man brushed the hat with his sleeve, saw that it was an almost new derby, with the latest kink in ribbon bands, and—judging by his grin, as he looked inside—just his own size.

That's all, only do you suppose that could possibly absorb from the brains of its wearer such a thing

PROFIT IN WRECKS

Sunken Ships Sometimes Yield Very Rich Treasures.

Lucky Investment by Melbourne Firm in French Bark Brought Concern \$60,000 for \$1,840—Treasures on British Coast.

London.—Another instance of lucky speculation in wrecks has been provided, a Melbourne firm having bought a disabled ship for \$1,840 and found that it was worth \$60,000. The ship was the Jean Bart, a French bark of 1,981 tons net, and she was saved from entire destruction and towed into harbor after lying a battered wreck for two months.

The bark was on a voyage from Antwerp to Wallaroo, laden with 3,000 tons of pig iron and coke, when she ran aground on Waudang island, in Spencer gulf, South Australia. Her hold quickly filled, and it was soon impossible to float her. For two months she was in this condition, the whole after part of the ship being under water. Her captain cabled to his owners in France for orders and received a reply to the effect that she should be sold at auction.

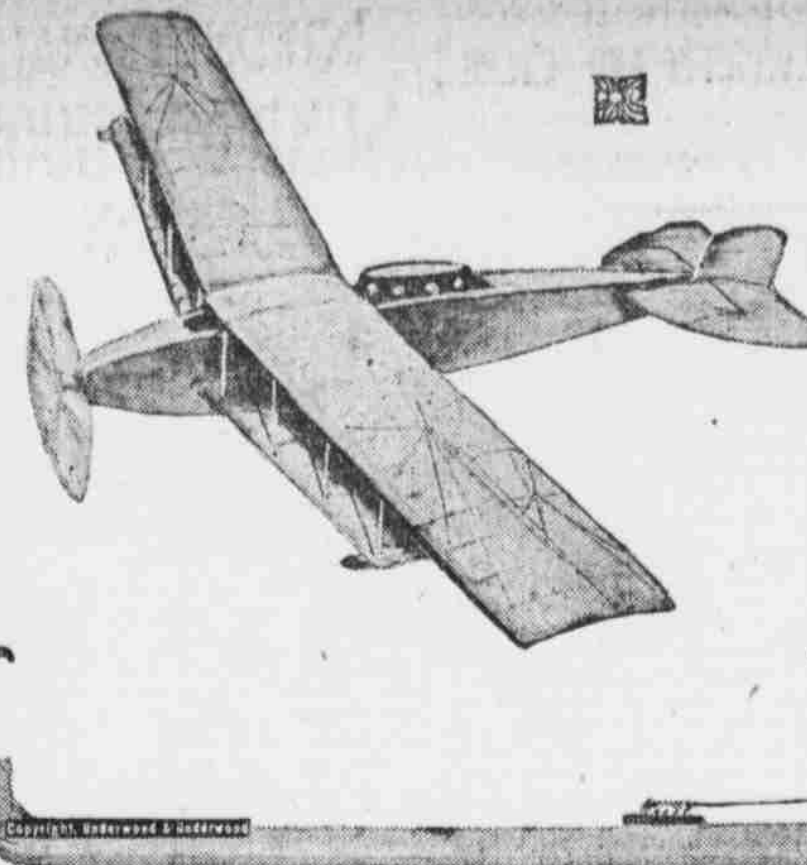
A number of Australian firms sent representatives to inspect the wreck, but none of them thought that it was worth while to buy. It was confidently stated that salvage was hopeless, but J. Bell & Co., grain merchants of Melbourne, made a bid, and the wreck was sold for \$1,840. Some critics laughed and remarked that they were paying for a hold full of water which could not be raised. Messrs. Bell said nothing, but engaged a diver to inspect the vessel, and then the news became known that the damage to the bark was only slight. A hole a little more than a foot in diameter had been torn in the bows and the diver reported that this could easily be repaired.

Work was begun at once, the water was pumped out of the hold after the hole had been plugged up, and after the vessel was thus lightened she was towed off and beached. After that further repairs were carried out, so that the ship could be brought to Melbourne to be docked. The work was successful. In spite of a strong gale right ahead the vessel was towed by a powerful tug to her destination and now it is seen that the value of the ship and cargo is over \$60,000. It is believed that before long the Jean Bart will be sailing the sea again, for she is very little damaged.

At Lloyds a newspaper representative was informed that though this is regarded as one of the plums of the business, there have been several similar ones. "Round the shores of Britain every year," said a marine broker, "there is a large number of wrecks which would yield a large profit to any enterprising buyer provided he had the necessary facilities to sell or dispose of the property."

"Some time ago a steamer was wrecked off Yorkshire, and the buyer was a man who knew little about such matters, but he bought the vessel for about \$1,500. It was not a big ship, but she had a valuable cargo on board, and it was feared that the bottom had been ripped out of the ship and the cargo lost. In the cargo was a large number of pictures. Few firms cared to touch the business, and the underwriters let it go for the sum stated. But the ship was inspected and raised, and then, to the surprise of everybody, the cargo was discovered to be little worse for its immersion. The property sold for nearly \$50,000. There was another case a year or

DESIGNED TO FLY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC



First sketch of the gigantic hydroplane being built to carry out Rodman Wanamaker's plan of crossing the ocean this summer. The hydro was designed by Glenn Curtiss and will have a boat hull 35 feet long, entirely enclosed. The 200-horsepower motor will be put right up in the bow.

so ago of a ship which was wrecked with a valuable cargo on the coast of Africa. She was given up as hopeless and sold for a song. The new owner took a sporting chance—knowing the value of the cargo—of chartering a ship and sailing out to the wreck. He succeeded in raising her and towed her to Gibraltar. Here the cable parted and she was lost for two days, but ultimately was found again and brought to the Thames. That ship is still sailing the seas under another name, and the owner made his fortune out of the deal.

"Few people have any idea that we have scores of wrecks lying around

our shores. In some cases they are entirely abandoned to anyone who cares to take the "pickings," but in others they have been sold to local firms for a small sum. Even the amount of iron and wood in some hulls would pay for the cost of salvage. One easily remembers the fate of the Oceana, which went down off Folkstone; the Manarra, on the Goodwins, and the Prussien. From the Lizard one can see quite a number of wrecks on the coast line, and it has often been suggested that if these boats were salvaged systematically a profitable business could be built up in that way."

SEEK AN EDUCATION

Immigrants Keenly Interested in Children's Schooling.

Foreigners Conspicuously Obedient to School Attendance Laws Says U. S. Commissioner of Education Dr. P. P. Claxton.

Washington.—That immigrants are keenly interested in schooling for their children, or at least conspicuously obedient to school-attendance laws, is the declaration of Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education. "The least illiterate of our population are the native-born children of foreign parents," says Dr. Claxton, in a bulletin on education for immigrants just issued. "The illiteracy among the children of native-born parents is three times as great as that among native-born children of foreign parents."

Dr. Claxton reviews the whole problem of education for immigrants, in and out of school. "To the people of no other country is the problem of so much importance as to the people of the United States. No other country has so many men, women and children coming to its shores every year from all parts of the world.

"Many of those who have come to us in recent years are from countries

having very meager provisions for public education. According to the federal census of 1910, more than 25 per cent. of the foreign-born population of three states was illiterate, from 15 to 25 per cent. of five states, from 10 to 15 per cent. of 11 states, and from five to ten per cent. of 21 states.

"Most of the immigrants in recent years have little kinship with the older stocks of our population, either in blood, language, methods of thought, traditions, manners or customs; they know little of our political and civic life, and are unused to our social ideals; their environment here is wholly different from that to which they have been accustomed. Strangers to each other, frequently from countries hostile to each other by tradition, of different speech and creeds, they are thrown together, strangers among strangers, in a strange country, and are thought of by us only as a conglomerate mass of foreigners.

"Immigrant education is not alone the question of the school education of children. The millions of adult men and women, and of children older than the upper limit of the compulsory school-attendance age, must be looked after; they must be prepared for American citizenship and for participation in our democratic industrial, social and religious life; they must be given sympathetic help in finding themselves in their new environment and in adjusting themselves to their new opportunities and responsibilities. The proper education of these people is a duty which the nation owes to itself and to them. It can neglect this duty only to their hurt and its own peril."

MRS. LEEDS GET A FORTUNE

\$40,000,000 Widow of "Tinplate King" Falls Heir to Another Large Sum of Money.

New York.—Mrs. William B. Leeds, widow of the \$40,000,000 "tinplate king," is co-beneficiary with her sister.



Mrs. William B. Leeds, Mrs. Margaret Green, under the will of their father, William C. Stewart, which has been filed here.

Mrs. Stewart, second wife of the testator, is not mentioned in the will. She was evicted from his home in 1911 after a quarrel.

DOUBLE STANDARD UPHOLD

Denver, Colo.—Father Hugh McMonamin in a sermon here declared that there must always be a double standard for men and women, saying that God intended that it should be so.

MAN PULLS LEG UNTIL IT BREAKS

Bedford, Ind.—Charles Judah pulled his own leg so hard that he broke his thigh. He was examining a corn on the side of his foot when he twisted his leg until the bone snapped.

JUST BEING SENSIBLE

By HELEN MARR.

"Older people are so queer!" mused the girl in pink.

"I've noticed that," agreed the young man who was sitting beside her in the porch swing. "But why, particularly?"

"Oh," said the girl in pink, "it's father and mother, of course. Mother and I were talking today and she doesn't want us to announce our engagement. She says it is unwise when it is to be such a long one and that so many things happen. As though you and I ever would change our minds! She says it will be years before you can afford to get married and she disapproves of the whole affair!"

"I know it," said the young man, a little bitterly. "They think eighteen a week is nothing!"

"It isn't as though you weren't going to get more—and if anything happened to Mr. Smith and Tom Westfield and that Dooks man—why, you'd be at the head of the department!"

"That's right," agreed the young man. "And we'd start modestly."

"Of course," said the girl in pink. "A cunning little flat of six rooms—because we must have a guest room. And a sweet little maid in white aprons and bows—she will look lovely serving when we have our dinner parties."

"That reminds me," went on the girl in pink. "Mother says if I am going to marry a poor man I ought to learn to be a competent housekeeper and—"

"I am not going to have you scrubbing and doing all such things," said the young man, decidedly. "You have the prettiest hands! My father is just as foolish, too—talks house-in-the-suburbs and my own garden and milk-the-cow and raise-your-own-chicken stuff to me! I can't see it. How'd I ever get in to see the fellows at night?"

"And when would I ever see all the girls? I wouldn't give up my matinee club for anything!" exclaimed the girl in pink. "I never saw anything like those proxy older people. I'd just hate to be so old that I made life dreary for others. Mother was talking spring cleaning and preserves and winter flannels to me today—said I ought to know those things, so I could economize and help my husband! How much would you love me if I talked about w-w-winter flannels?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the young man. "They're a joke!"

"Do you suppose," asked the girl in pink, "we could have a motor car? Not a big one with a chauffeur, but one of those smart looking runabouts that we'd drive ourselves? It would be so nice on rainy days when I wanted to make calls or go to teas—"

"Sure, we can manage it," promised the young man, comfortably. "I'm certain Smith's health is giving way and that leaves only three men between me and the head of the department. I'd have fifty a week then. All this talk of the high cost of living—why, I think the older folks say it to scare us—they dislike to have young people happy. It won't cost us anything much to get along nicely and keep up with the others. We can manage!"

"We can keep the car in our back yard," suggested the girl in pink. "In one of those ready made garages for \$97.50!"

"And then your mother says you don't know how to economize!" said the young man fondly. "I guess we'll show them a thing or two! Why, I can get along with five suits a year."

"And I can go to quite a cheap dressmaker," declared the girl in pink. "I never pay over twenty to have a gown made and I wear them lots. I am sure eight or ten dresses a year would—"

"Father was talking about the high prices of groceries," said the young man. "You can't tell me it costs him a hundred a month just to set a table for four! We simply couldn't eat as much as that."

"I should say not," said the girl in pink. "Mother is always groaning over grocery bills, seems to me! I should think she'd stop fussing and keep up with the late novels and plays and be up to date! I shan't let myself deteriorate so!"

"Well, let them talk—they simply don't know," said the young man. "They are well meaning and all that but they can't understand things as we do. We'll have to take matters in our own hands and show them their mistake! As though we couldn't manage!"

"Especially as we are agreed on living so simply and inexpensively!" said the girl in pink. "They don't realize how sensible we are! Now, let's go into the house and look up the automobile advertisements."

INVENTIONS DUE TO FASHION

Fashion is responsible for many inventions. This is the case with the manufacture of artificial flowers, for their demand was due to a caprice of fashion. In Italy during festival time it was decreed that flowers should be worn in and out of season and that their color should be retained. Many plans for solving this problem were brought forward and at last some one hit upon the idea of making them of various materials which would resemble the real flowers. Later, in the middle ages, the artificial so far surpassed the natural that men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, glass, paper, wax and metal. The most beautiful artificial blossoms were made in Paris.

PUT IT UP TO THE HOGS

A blacksmith in a small Connecticut town who occasionally goes on protracted sprees was seen figuring on the barn door and later throwing five bushels of corn on the ear into the pen where he had six hogs, and as he turned away he was heard to say: "There, blast you, if you are prudent that will last ye."

NOT AN ORIGINAL IDEA

Four hundred years ago the idea of numbering houses originated in Paris, though it was not until 1789 that the system became general.

WHAT AN OHIOAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA.

W. E. Lewis formerly lived near Dayton, Ohio. He went to Saskatchewan seven years ago with \$1,800 in money, a carload of household effects and farm implements, including four horses and three cows. Of course, the first year he only got feed from the crops, but the second year had 100 acres in wheat which made over 2,800 bushels. He has not had a failure in crop, and at present has 22 head of horses, 15 head of cattle and 35 hogs, and owns 1,120 acres of land, all under cultivation. He has been offered \$35 an acre for his land, and should be care to dispose of his holdings he could pay all his debts and have \$30,000 to the good; but, as he says, "Where could I go to invest my money and get as good returns?" He continues in his letter to the immigration department, August, 1912:

"We have equally as good if not better prospects for crops this year as we had three years ago, when our wheat ranged from 30 to 48 bushels per acre. I never believed such crops could be raised until I saw them myself. I had 15 acres that year that made 50 bushels to the acre. Our harvest will be ready by the 12th. We have this season in crop 400 acres of wheat, 125 of oats, 90 of flax and run three binders with four men to do the stooking. We certainly like this country and the winters, although the winters are cold at times, but we do not suffer as one would think. What we have accomplished here can be duplicated in almost any of the new districts."—Advertisement.

WE'RE WRONG AGAIN

"Of course, you have your little theory about the cause of the high cost of living."

"I have," replied Mr. Growcher; "too many people are trying to make political economy take the place of domestic economy."—Washington Star.

ERUPTION ON ANKLE BURNED

Kingsville, Mo.—"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it, it was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day."

"I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since and my ankle seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

THE MEDIUM

"Is there any way of crossing the social chasm?"

"Sure! Bridge."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

No man should marry until he is thoroughly equipped to fight the battles of life.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

It's better to uphold a good thing than to hold it up.



Rheumatic Twinges

yield immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quietens agonizing pain. Don't rub—it penetrates.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

gives quick relief from chest and throat afflictions. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say:

Relief from Rheumatism. "My mother has used one bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and although she is over 88 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism."—Mrs. M. A. Anderson, Quincy, Ill.

Good for Cold and Croup. "A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—J. H. H. George, 2121 Elmwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Neuralgia Gone. "Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of neuralgia. Those pains have gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them."—Mrs. C. M. Dwyer of Johnsonburg, Pa.

At All Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00. Sloan's Liniment is sold in all countries.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

DR. AKED CALLED "HERETIC."

Former Pastor of Rockefeller's Church Asked to Resign on Grounds of Unbelief.

San Francisco.—As the result of a letter received at a meeting of the Church Federation of San Francisco, signed by four Presbyterian ministers, calling for his resignation because of his declaration of unbelief in the doctrine of the virgin birth, Dr. Charles



Dr. Charles F. Aked.

F. Aked, pastor of International re-nown and president of the federation, is likely to resign. Rev. Mr. Aked said that if dissatisfaction of even one per cent. of the membership appeared because of his incumbency he would step down.

BUST OF EMPEROR IS FOUND

Sculptor's Idea of Frederick the Great Is Discovered in Castle Vault.

Berlin.—The only bust of Frederick the Great known to have been made from life has been found in the vaults of a small castle near Dessau. The bust disappeared nearly a century ago and was supposed to be lost permanently. It is the work of the Italian sculptor, Cavaceppi, made at the per-

STRONG ON SPELLING REFORM

Critics of Present System Again Urge More Logical Method of Orthography.

London.—Spelling reform is being discussed again. William Archer, in the course of a recent speech, declared there is not a single letter in the English language to which only one sound is attached, nor is there a sound which is represented by only one letter.

If one took the "e" sound in "bed," he said, one would find it spelled seven different ways in as many different words, for exactly the same vowel sound occurred in "head," "many," "leopard," "said," "says," and "paper."

When a child asks why "proceed" and "recede" are not spelled the same way in the last syllable, nobody can possibly give him a reasonable answer.

VIOLET RAYS WHITEN TEETH

New Dental Method Being Introduced in Paris to Preserve Molars.

Paris.—A new method of dentistry is being introduced in Paris in the form of treatment of the teeth by the ultra-violet ray.

Such rays from a mercury lamp, it is said, have the power of whitening discolored teeth and of sterilizing them in such a way that they are less liable to decay.

STARVING DEER SENT TO JAIL

Somerville, Mass.—A deer, found starving in the streets here, was placed in an automobile, taken to jail and put in a cell.

ARTIST'S IDEA OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

Is Discovered in Castle Vault.

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ALWAYS THOUGHT DENTISTRY BEAT COUNTERFEITING